Captain Hotknives Greatest Hits

Sleeve Notes Zine

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Vol.1 Comedy Songs

1. Mushrooms

This is not even based on a true story this

This just is a true story

In the fields of Scotland

After the rain has been raining

My feet are getting wet

My trainers are soaking

But I'm not fucking bothered

You'll see me out in the fields

Looking on the ground

With me little paper bag

See what I've found...

Mushrooms

Little nipple shaped mushrooms

Lovely liberty capped mushrooms

Beautiful Scottish mushrooms

What a great free thing to find

What an unusual thing to do to me mind

Take them back to me house

Spread the newspaper out

Put them out to dry

Make me-self a pot of tea

And I don't even need any milk or sugar

For this particular brew

All I need is boiling water and mushrooms

Mushrooms, feel me-legs are going along

Feel me hands are going strange

Everything is rearranged

Everything is rearranged

Now I'm back out in the fields

Laughing at the trees

Turn the volume down on the grass, oh that's better

Tripping my tits off, I'm like oy, I can't tell if I need a piss, or if I've already pissed myself, can't tell if I have pissed myself

Put my hand on the front of my pants, I still can't tell, I don't know if my pants are wet or it's just a cold day, I just can't tell anymore.

Tripping too hard to know whether I've pissed myself.

And in the distance I see a Scottish farmer, I start shouting "Oy here mate, I'm not being funny, but would you just touch the front of my pants please? So I know whether or not I've pissed myself, so I can get on with the rest of my trip. Knowing whether or not I have got wet pants."

And Scottish farmer, he didn't help me out man, he weren't helpful at all. He weren't even friendly, not even a little bit friendly, I said just touch myself so I know whether or not I've had a piss and he told me to get off his land.

I were like for fucks sake, this isn't an issue of land ownership, it's just an issue of wet or dry pants. Just do a brother a favour man, I'm tripping my pants off, all I need to know is whether or not I've pissed myself. I don't need to know who owns the fucking land.

And when I thought about it a bit more, I thought how can you own land? You can't pick it up and take it anywhere. How can you say you own it? Can you pick it up and put it in your rucksack? Can

you fuck, I said don't be mental, you mental Scottish farmer. How can you own land? When you're away squirrels piss on your land, I'm telling you.

Well, he didn't like me at all, he seemed to think I was some sort of upstart. And the next thing I knew he was shouting at me a bit more, and he said, "get off my land."

And I said, "aww I've heard this before, I've heard this till I'm blue in the face about your land. I said how come it's your land?"

And he explained to me how you acquire land. I didn't know this, but he said, "my grandfather fought for this land."

And I said, "alright, that's how it works then is it." So, I said, "bring your grandad out here then. I'll fight him for his land and when I win, then I'll ask him to touch my pants. To see whether or not I've pissed myself."

And I wish I'd never said that, his grandad was massive.

Hard as fuck, good at fighting.

Strong, Scottish, big fella.

Punching me in head.

Fucking hell, it really hurt man.

But the more it hurt, the more I laughed.

Because when someone's punching you, it's just so funny.

The look on their face, their face goes red, they look such a fucking dickhead.

When they're punching you, so I just laughed.

But the more I laughed, the more he punched me.

And the more he punched me, the more I laughed.

And the more I laughed, the more upset he got.

He had a vein throbbing in his forehead, like a massive coke fiend.

He was shouting, punching me, sweating. And the next thing I knew, he died of a heart attack.

Scottish farmers grandad, he died of a heart attack.

And now I own his land

And now I own his land

If I could remember where it was

Because I was tripping off my tits when I owned that land

Now I can't remember where the land was or where it all happened

But do you know what did happen?

I did piss myself

2. Prejudiced Wildlife

So this is a song imagining if animals were racists, in a way to demonstrate how stupid racism itself is as a concept.

It's a bit silly isn't it really?

As I said to two guys from the BNP, I said; "Aww, aww, not in the face."

In the jungle, the racist jungle.

The animals are all fucking racists, some of the worst ones are the lions and they've got a big problem with the cheetahs.

They said, "bloody cheetahs, coming over here, who do they think they are, with their spotty fur, running faster than we can, taking all our antelopes and nicking our gazelles, the bastards."

I wouldn't let our Denise, marry a cheetah.

I wouldn't let our Denise, marry a cheetah.

What would the kids be like? Oh no.

That would be no good would it? Oh no, they'd be half lion, half cheetah, they'd be like chions or leetahs, oh no.

And in the islands, the Gallapogas Islands.

That's where you get racist giant tortoises.

They wonder around, close to the ground, and they've got a big problem with the chaffinches.

They say, "fucking chaffinches piss me off mate, they're all on housing benefit, there's 15 of them to a nest, oh no, they make me fucking sick, oh with their yellow feathers and their pointy beaks adapted for eating seeds, oh I'm telling you, they're always shitting on our lettuce, oh the yellow feathery bastards, I was eating some lettuce last Thursday and I thought it had garlic mayonnaise on it! But no, it was chaffinch shite!

And so, I wouldn't our Denise, marry a chaffinch

I wouldn't our Denise, marry a chaffinch

I wouldn't our Denise, marry a chaffinch

What would the kids be like? Half tortoise, half chaffinch, oh they'd be fucking mutants. They wouldn't know whether to fly or eat lettuce, oh no, they'd be like tortoinches or chaffoises for fucks sake.

So the tortoises organized backward looking political parties, the tortoise national party, otherwise known as the TNP.

And they had a very, very, very slow march that nobody took any fucking notice of, the dickheads. I'm telling you, they were dick heads.

And in the arctic, the frozen arctic.

That's where you get white supremacist polar bears.

And because they're white, they think they're alright.

And they're always picking on the penguins.

Only the other day, a group of white supremacist polar bears, left a great big cross burning outside pingo the penguins' igloo.

And his igloo melted into the sea, and you could see pingo inside having a wank to penguin porn and he had a massive black and white cock, and he come out and he said...

What the fuck you picking on me for, you white furry wankers, is it 'cause I is black and white? Hey?

And I tell you what, the penguins were getting sick of it

The penguins were getting sick of it

The penguins were getting sick of being picked on by the white supremacist polar bears

Just for the colours of their flippers which they honestly couldn't help, they were just born that way.

And so, they got on their mobile phones and they tried to ring their brothers and cousins, but they ran out of credit because the dickheads were on pay as you go.

They couldn't get a contract because none of them could put their address down properly because none of them could read and write, they were penguins.

And so, they had to text the killer whales and get them to ring them back.

And the killer whales rang them back and said what's the problem?

They said it's these white supremacist polar bears mate, picking on us for naught.

And they said, we'd like to help you out, but we live in the fucking sea!

What the fuck are we supposed to do about it? Grow legs and kick 'em up the ass?

That's evolution you dickheads, that takes millinea.

Captain hotknives has been trying to evolve a third arm, so he can get that cider, since the beginning of his set, he still hasn't even got a bump on his shoulder blade.

And the penguins said, no we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan, we've had a plan...

And the polar bears said, look just tell us what the fucking plan is. It's fucking freezing here, it's like the fucking arctic.

And so the penguins told the killer whales the plan, very quietly.

They said, half eleven on Thursday morning after you get back from signing on to new deal for killer whales.

You just wait in the sea, next to the ice. With some knives and forks and some Branston pickle.

And we are going to trick the dickhead white supremacist polar bears, into falling in the sea by winding them up.

And then you can eat them for your tea, what do you reckon to that, and the killer whales said good fucking plan.

It will indeed make a change from eating recipes that we've watched Jamey Oliver make on telly.

And there's plenty of meat on a polar bear, that sounds like a good plan.

So, at 29 minutes past 11 on Thursday morning, that's when the penguins put the plan into action.

And in the distance, they could see, a group of white supremacist polar bears who were practicing their Hitler salutes and looking at pictures of Nick Griffin.

And to wind them up, they started shouting at them and this is what they said...

Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

Come and have a go if you think you're hard enough

We've been shagging your Denise

She was in a penguin porno film

She's covered in penguin spunk

And now she's had white and black, she won't be coming back

And the polar bears were angry, they were so angry, that the only way I can demonstrate how angry they were, is by the use of a facial expression so terrifying that I only dare use it the once.

"Fucking penguins, fuckin hell!"

And the polar bears ran towards the penguins, fully intending to rip their flippers off and beat them with the soggy ends.

But just as they got close enough to them, the penguins did the masterful bit of their masterful plan.

And they just moved to one side, like that.

And the polar bears were going to fast on the slippery, slippery ice of the arctic.

And they fell straight into the sea.

Where they were surrounded by vicious killer whales with knives and forks, and massive fucking teeth.

And they didn't have time...

To swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, to swim away, awooooooooo awoo awoooo.

3. Scuse me mate

Scuse me mate, scuse me mate, scuse me mate, scuse me mate, scuse me mate.

You look like a kind fella, even if you lie about trivial stuff, I don't care.

Come on mate, scuse me mate, you can sort us out, you've got a kind face, I can tell by your face.

So what it is right, I just need a pound or two to buy some parts.

Some parts for my time machine, the one that I'm building at home.

I am a erm, government scientist, but my funding has been cut.

I'm working on time machine technology, my time machine is coming on really well.

But I just need a Pentium processor, and a 16 gig memory stick and a wah-wah peddle, to make me fucking time machine complete.

I need to travel back in time, to get off the street.

I'm going to travel back in time, I am.

And when I do, I'll get some money and I'll come back and that.

I'm gonna travel back in time, I am.

Come on mate, don't be funny.

Give us a pound, you look like a kind fella.

You do I can tell by your face.

Come on mate, don't be tight.

I'm going to go back in time, back to a time before Misses Thatcher.

Back to a time before I was addicted to heroin.

I'll fly back to a time before Misses Thatcher was just an MP

I'll wait outside her house with a bit of coal in one hand a bit of steel in the other.

And when the evil bitch comes home, I'll get out my time machine.

I'll be the only one in the place with decent trainers on, it'll be in the old days.

Misses Thatcher won't be expecting time travelling bastards coming back in time addicted to heroin, she wouldn't think of that, she wouldn't even know I was coming.

And with my piece of coal in one hand and my piece of steel in the other, I can exact a premature revenge, I could smash her fucking head off her neck.

Before she could go onto protect all the fucking paedophiles and take all the mines away.

Before she could go onto create a diversionairy war in the Fawkland islands to take our minds off the fact she was taking all our fucking milk, milk snatching bastard.

It's worth giving me a pound, it's more than worth giving me a pound.

I know what you're thinking, you're thinking you saw me in the bus station last week saying something very similar.

No, I swear down, I'm a scientist. I proper am a scientist. I know what you're saying, I've got that look, you know when they bob about.

Now I know what you're thinking, it's to put in me arm.

To feed that little baby what lives in me arm, that only eats that brown powdery milk, but no.

It isn't that, it's for my time machine you dickhead.

Come on, don't be tight.

Thanks for not hitting me, thanks for not kicking me, thanks for not punching me, thanks for not spitting on me.

What it is right, I've just got out of a bail hostel for stabbing a nonce, I never stabbed him, he was on a skateboard, I was just drying up, you know from the washing up. Anyway his braces must have got caught on the door handle, cause he seemed to have gone back and forth a lot of times when I was holding the knife out. So you know, now I'm getting the blame, what the fuck? I'm a scientist you dickhead.

Come on mate, don't be tight.

Give us a pound, give us a pound, give us a pound, actually £1.37 would be good.

Because I need to get back to Doncaster, because my wife is having a baby, she's having a baby, she's having a baby in Doncaster, I just need £2.52, £2.52 is all I need for my bus fair.

You look like a kind fella, I see that you've injured your hand.

Do you know what? You know what they say, if you give to somebody, it comes back.

And if you give to me, you won't get nought back.

But when I go back in time in my time machine, I'll go back and get you an elaster plaster for your hand.

Come on mate, don't be tight, you know it makes sense.

You think I'm a smackhead don't you, well you're fucking wrong there.

I could give up any day, I'm not addicted, I should know by now, I do it every day.

When you give us a pound, I'll create a time machine and go visit me Nana and borrow 20 quid off her while she was still alive.

Then I'm going to come back with 20 quid and if you give us your address....

Tell me, tell me when you're going out, so there's no point in me coming round when you're out, that'd be stupid, I might end up nicking your DVD player and stuff like that.

And I'll come round and bring you a pound.

I'll come round and bring you a pound.

I'll come round and bring you a pound, if you could sort us out.

I'll come round and bring you a pound.

I'll come round and bring you a pound.

I'll give you 2 pound tomorrow, if you give me a pound today, I will.

You tight bastards.

4. Glue

Introduction

So I don't want you to take this song as an encouragement to do glue, it's more an observation of having done it. You know because I'd hate to go outside and see you all at the end of this gig with a tin of evo and a fucking placky bag, huffing like common huffers on a street corner.

So just nobody sue me if you do get into glue, it's not because of this song. That's all I'm saying.

Song

All my life, I've been sniffing

Solvent fumes and now I'm tripping

Yooh-whoo, I'm in love with glue

It's my favourite thing to do

If you want to get out of your head

First find a bread bag without any bread and fill it up with glue

That's what you need to do

Cheaper and nasty, get them from a corner shop too.

Don't talk to me about MDMA

That stuffs for girls, it turns everybody gay

You all end up cuddling each other and thinking you're all each other's best mates

And you all end up in big baths surrounded by candles, listening to ambient dub-tronica, giving each other massages

Glue, that's what you want to do

Glue, is the drug for you

Don’t talk to me about cocaine

Oh here we go again

People on cocaine, think they’re so important and loud, and have to be vocal and shout above the crowd, tell you how many fights they’ve won, how many birds they’ve shagged, how much fucking money they’ve got, fuck off!

Glue, better off with glue

That’s what you want to do

It’s the more honest drug for you

Don’t talk to me about amphetamines

When I took speed and I went for a piss, I pulled down my pants and I pulled down my zip, and I looked at my jeans [sigh]

Glue, better off with glue

Unlike speed, it doesn’t shrivel your cock

Don’t talk to me about ketamine

It’s a horse tranquilizer for fucks sake

Posh kids of Bristol, having bladder problems in their early 20s, cause they spent too much time, doing horse tranquilizers, what for? To upset their mums? They had everything they ever wanted, silly bastards. Horses can’t even score now, horses have to go to elephants, elephants are dealing to horses now and they’re not to be trusted, they’ve got that trunk thing going on, they’re like that; “hey mate, what you after? Elephant ket? Have that” [sigh]

Glue, better off with glue

You don’t have to get it off elephants

Don't talk to me about salvia divinorum

It's a legal high, it looks a bit like weed, you smoke it in a pipe, these guys gave me a pipe of it and then I had a bit, and then after I had it, it all went like this [plays soothing psychedelic lullaby] for about 10 minutes.

Glue, better off with glue

You know what you're getting with glue

Don't talk to me about LSD

Me and me mates we all used to take LSD, we thought we were cool and that and we knew what was going on, we didn't really, we got confused, we tried to buy some plane tickets to Sidney Australia, on my mate Tony's master card, we stood in a que to buy the tickets, we stood in a que for ages tripping off our fucking faces, saying "how tripping are you? Yeah I'm really fucking tripping? Yeahhh." And we were in the que, trying to be quite, we got to the front to buy the tickets, get the tickets to Sidney Australia, but as a fucking mission it was a total fucking failure, got to the front of the que and the woman said; "what do you want son?" Tony said "3 tickets to Sidney Australia please," and the woman said I'm sorry son, this is the Royal Bank of Scotland.

Glue, better off with glue

Should have checked the sign outside the shop

My psychiatrist said that because I sniffed a lot of solvents, it would leave me essentially vacant [makes vacant face]

But he was wrong, he was wrong, I never get too vacant for too long

My psychiatrist said that because I sniffed petrol out of crisp packets in a graveyard with me mate when I was 14, I'd end up mindlessly aggressive to some stranger I'd never seen.

But he was wrong, I never get aggressive, I'm more chilled out than Gandhi, I never get aggressive to anybody.

What you fucking looking at, you fucking silly cunt, I'll kill your fucking nana, I'll stab your fucking mum, I'll fuck your fucking dog, I'll put your dog in microwave and when it's gone bing, I'll bring it out, I'll shove it up your ass, stab you, burn your house down, you inside it, fucking get all your family inside it, burn them as well, bring them all out, fuck em while they're still on fire, fuck you, bury you, dig you back up, stab you again, kill your fucking brother twice.

Glue, that's what you want to do.

Glue a-who-a-who-a-who-who

Glue a-who-a-who-a-who-who

Buddy Holly, sniffed a lot of glue-a-who-who

That is why he grabbed control of the plane; "I want to go this way-a-who-a-who-who [sound of an explosion]"

That's the end of that one.

5. The Pigeons Told Me To Shoplift

This is a sensitive song. Did I say sensitive? I meant mental. Same difference.

The pigeons told me to shoplift

The voices were so persuasive

The pigeons they controlled my mind

And shortly afterwards I did find

Myself in Dixon's putting things in my coat

And looking around and running away

And running away from a security guard

He was overweight, but he thought he was hard

That's when he involved the police on me

And the magistrate, he didn't believe me about the pigeons who told me to shoplift

He said son, I think you're a mentalist, he said, I'm sending you for psychiatric reports

I said please don't send me for psychiatric reports

He said, I'm sending you for psychiatric reports

I said please don't send me for psychiatric reports [more desperate]

He said, I'm sending you for psychiatric reports [more angry]

I said please don't send me for psychiatric reports [more desperate]

He said, I'm sending you for psychiatric reports [more angry]

I said please don't send me for psychiatric reports [more desperate]

He said, I'm sending you for psychiatric reports, you can't have been told to shoplift by pigeons, you're bullshitting us you bastard, get to fuck, get to the fucking hospital, do as you're told, I'm a fucking magistrate.

I was like chill out knob-head, fucking hell, aren't magistrates uptight these days.

So, they took me off in the green van, with the square wheels.

And that's where I met the psychiatrist, he didn't believe me either.

He said, son, there's no way on earth a pigeon can tell you what to do.

I said you don't understand, I'll show you…

I can speak the pigeon's language I said, and that was about the time that I looked deep into his eyes as I started to speak, in the manner of the pigeons, through my beak, I said…

whistles

And that's how I hypnotized the psychiatrist.

That's how I got him to give me the keys.

Give me the keys to the drug trolley, give me the keys to his BMW, which was parked outside, automatic transition, nice one.

And when he was a fat fucker like me, and while he was hypnotized, I took his clothes off him and I got his suit on. And I took his identity badge as well, which said Mr. Patel.

And I fucked off out of the hospital, dressed as a psychiatrist.

And I got into his BMW.

It had nice leather seats, I thought this will fucking do.

Drove away down Manningham lane.

Manningham lane in the pouring rain.

And I saw this busker with a guitar.

Walking along in the pissing rain, and I thought poor bastard I'll give him a lift.

Pulled up in BMW, I said to the busker, what's your name then?

He said, "Captain Hotknives."

I said, “that’s a fucking weird name, what’s your real name?”

He said “Chris.”

I said, “get in Chris, I’ll give you a lift mate, anywhere you want to go.

He said, “well I’m just off into town, I’ve got a gig.”

I said, “Oh have you, get in mate, you’ll be safe as houses with me, I’m a psychiatrist.”

Trusting knob-head.

So I drove along down Manningham lane. Then I got back into town again, and when I got near city square, I saw so many fucking pigeons there. More fucking pigeons than I’ve ever seen. More fucking pigeons than there could have been. So many pigeons, it was obscene.

And all the pigeons were talking to me, they said

whistles

And I said to them, that is good advice.

And for those of you who don’t speak pigeon English, what the pigeons said was…

Kill the hitchhiker and take his guitar

Do his gig, you might get far

You might even get free vegan chili

You might even get some lemon drizzle cake

I thought fucking hell!

Never has there been such an opportunity in being dressed as a psychiatrist

So I said, “here mate, is it pretty easy to play a guitar?

And he said, “yeah it’s not that hard.”

And I said, “aww cool,” and I strangled him.

He was easy to kill, he was a vegan. I snapped his neck with one hand.

And in my other hand was a donna kebab.

I should have really had my other hands on the steering wheel, but it said automatic, I thought it must drive automatically.

And I crashed into a big pile of rubble that used to be City Square.

And I left the busker and BMW there.

And I took the buskers hoodie and I went to the gig.

And that's how I'm here pretending to be Captain Hotknives.

And you knob-heads all think I'm Captain, Captain Hotknives or whatever he's called.

But I'm not, I'm a guy who escaped from a mental hospital.

And later on, when you've all forgotten about this bit of me set.

I'm going to follow one of you home, and that you'll regret.

I'll get 'housing benefit claim on your spare room.

And then I'll have words with your dad.

And I'll end up being your dad's best mate.

And I'll follow him down to fucking allotments.

And then I'll grow some ganja plants.

And then I'll get all your fucking cd's and scratch them.

I just want one last chorus to get me out of this song because I'm not quite sure how I got into it.

So I want every fucking person in here to do pigeon noises and if you don't, believe you me, I will follow you home individually, track you down.

And bearing in mind, that recently my nana gave me 2 cd's of everybody's name and address on it in England.

Gave me them for Christmas she did, used to work for the NDWP she did.

So can we have pigeon noises on the count of 17 and I will find out if anyone hasn't done it.

Are you ready, on the count of 17, 1, 2, 3, 17...

pigeon noises

6. One Good Thing About Buckfast

Put your hands up if you've drunk so much Buckfast, that when you tried getting out of a taxi, your feet stayed in the taxi and the rest of you went out of the taxi, and you went like that, and you were covered in a little bit of snot and gravel was in the snot.

Alright, so we all know what we're dealing with here then.

One good thing about Buckfast, it gets you fucked fast.

One good thing about Buckfast, it gets you fucked fast.

Brewed by mugs, drunk by mugs, it gets you fucked fast.

One good thing about cider, it makes you lose your lighter.

One good thing about cider, it makes you lose your lighter.

It is made of apples and it sends you mental, oy, oy, oy.

One good thing about whiskey, it makes your life a bit more risky.

One good thing about whiskey, it makes your life a bit more risky.

One good thing about iron brew, it is made out of girders.

One good thing about iron brew, it is made out of girders.

It is made entirely out of iron girders.

One good thing about tenant souper, it comes in a nice blue can.

One good thing about tenant souper, it comes in a nice blue can.

And it's always easy to find in the train station.

One good thing about train stations, they're always full of cops.

One good thing about train stations, they're always full of security guards.

And the security guards always think they're hard.

One good thing about security guards… [shakes head].

One good thing about security guards… [shakes head].

One good thing about security guards… nothing, nothing, nothing, fuck all, nothing, nothing, nothing, nothing.

One good thing about Buckfast, it gets you fucked fast.

One good thing about Buckfast, it gets you fucked fast.

Brewed by mugs, drunk by mugs, it gets you fucked fast.

Right it's chaz and dave bit time now, you know like rabbit, rabbit, rabbit, this is fuck fast, fuck fast. So everytime I say buckfast, you say fuckfast really fast, are we ready?

Buckfast! Fuck fast!

Buckfast! Fuck fast!

Buckfast! Fuck fast!

Buckfast! Fuck fast!

Buckfast! Fuck fast!

Oooooh-oh-oh-fuck-fast.

7. Johnny Depp With Me Bird

People of London can you cope with a bit more, I know there's people with dogs and stuff at home. I know personally my own children are at home, wondering where I've gone, but you know that was weeks ago now.

They'll be alright, won't they? Fuck it, they're pretty quick, they pick up on stuff.

Anyway, so this is a tune about when my girlfriend cheated on me and I caught her in the fucking middle of it all, so it's a Christmasy one.

I came home early, earlier than I'd said.

I noticed that my bird had had a new haircut.

3rd new haircut in a week, and scratches down her back.

And the scratches were red.

And I could clearly see poking out from under the bed.

These right long scissory fingers.

And the scissory fingers were attached to the leathery covered arms of Johnny Depp, under me bed.

Johnny Depp in his Edward scissor hands outfit, been shagging my bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

I think I'm going to have to have a word, with me bird.

So, I says to me bird, is this why you never text me back anymore? And is this why you've always got new haircuts and just come up with reasons not to turn up to my gigs.

And she said, well I didn't want you to kick off and go mental and get sectioned again.

And I said look love, it's bad enough coming home to find you shagging somebody else, but Johnny fucking Depp, in his Edward Scissorhands outfit, that really chaffes, that chaffes me to bits.

And I looked at Johnny Depp and I grabbed him by his ankles, I pulled him out from under the bed, I was gonna smash his fucking head in, or at the very least bury him in sand and put an ice-skate on my foot and kick his face off.

But then I looked at his face and I thought, look at all them little cuts on his face, aww Johnny Depp's got tiny cuts all over his face. Why am I getting so angry for? That poor guy, he's got cuts on his face. They're probably caused by them scissory hands.

I thought them scissory hands, that's awful, poor fella I never looked at it like that. But scissory hands is massive disability, he could get DLA for that mate, honestly, I'll help you fill the forms out, cause you won't be able to hold the fucking pen, will you? You scissory bastard.

And I thought with them scissory hands, how does he wipe his ass? How does he wipe his ass? It must really, really chaffe when he tries to wipe his ass with scissory hands.

And then I thought poor bastard. If I smash his face in, it'd be like kicking someone out of a wheelchair, I couldn't do that, no way, that'd be wrong. He's disabled, he's got cuts on his face.

And then I thought, with them scissory hands how does he roll a joint? How does he skin up, it must be pretty hap hazard, it must go all over the floor.

I thought with scissory hands, how does he have a wank, how does he satisfy that basic human urge to spunk on the curtains. And I thought his hands are made of scissors, aww poor lad. But then I thought wait a minute though he doesn't need to have a wank though does he…

He's been shagging my bird!

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

I think I'm going to have to have more words, with me bird.

So, I leant Johnny Depp 20 quid because he was disabled, and Johnny Depp got a taxi to Barker End which I thought was weird, 'cause I thought he lived in Los Angeles you know, and I gave him

half my last little blim of hash because he said he had no cash till jyro day. I thought hang on, I thought you were in films,

You know I'm gullible me, my mum always said I'm too soft, and I said what do you mean? And she punches me in face.

And then Johnny Depp fucked off in the taxi, and it were just me and Dawn, and I said Dawn, Dawn, come on you could have talked to me about this shit, why have you been shagging Johnny Depp behind my back?

What's Johnny Depp got that I haven't?

And it was a right long list, of stuff that Johnny Depp's got that I haven't got.

Like for example....

He's really good looking

He doesn't have a purple nose

He takes his coat off in the house

He never shits himself

Apparently he's quite funny and he's in films

He's really kind and he gives her cuddles, even when she's had that PMT

I said is that that type of acid that you smoke that only lasts for 10 minutes?

And she said, no Christopher, that's DMT, you dyslexic knob-head.

And I thought, there's all these things Johnny Depp's better at and he's got everything.

And then she said, he could stay awake after sex.

Flash bastard.

And then she said, he could stay awake during sex.

That really upset me, that did.

And then I thought, there's got to be a silver lining to this, there always is.

And then I thought, oh yeah, I've just remembered something actually.

About something that came in the post the other day.

There's something that Johnny Depp's got now, that he didn't have before he met my bird.

There's something that Johnny Depp's got now, that he didn't have before he met my bird.

There's something that Johnny Depp's got now, that he didn't have before he met my bird.

Chlamydia!

Johnny Depp with me bird.

Johnny Depp with me bird.

It didn't even help when I had a fucking word.

8. Hotknives Are Good For You

I was down in the desert, about 10 years A.D.

I went for a picnic with Joseph and Mary, and a young J.C.

Nobody brought any rizla papers and nobody brought a pipe

And after 14 fucking miles on a donkey, Mary wanted a smoke bad

Little Jesus, he pointed up to the sky and he said hey mum look, it's a message from dad

There was a quire of Angels singing in the sky, advising Jesus and Mary and Jesus upon a new way to get high

They pointed down to the camping stove below, Joseph got the knives out of his carpenters tool bag, Mary smashed the bottom off a milk bottle, Jesus chopped the resin into tiny pieces and I looked on in amazement as the donkey produced a ghetto blaster which started blasting out grand master flash at top volume, in the fucking desert of Palestine. I were like fucking brilliant, we're gonna have a bar, this is ace.

And above us in the Palestinian sky, some angels on a cloud, were just about to sing and then some Zionist angels turned up and tried to build a wall round the cloud, and they were like fuck off, we're trying to sing here you nob heads.

And the Palestinian angels sang…

Hotknives are good for you

Hotknives are good for you

Hotknives are good for you

Hotknives are good for you

So, I sat around and did some hotknives with Jesus and Mary and Joseph and even the donkey had a little toke as well.

And it were fucking brilliant, I thought how can you get so mashed off such a small amount of fucking ganja, that's ace.

I had a bit of like desert mouth, but I didn't give a fuck, it were ace.

Jesus got well excited, he started doing miracles everywhere, turned all the nearby water into special brew.

Why do you think it's called the dead sea now? It's made of special brew.

All the fish fucking floated up to the top like this, pissed.

Anyway, it was all going really good, then Joseph started getting paranoid again, he says to Mary, how come me and you look fucking Palestinian, and our Jesus looks like fucking Robert Powel?

How come our Jesus looks fucking Norwegian, he's 6 foot 2, with blond hair and a beard, blue eyes, and a fucking halo, what the fuck's going on there?

And Mary just looked at him in that tired way that mothers do when they're getting accused of shagging somebody else, she just said to Joseph…

Chill out nobhead

Chill out nobhead

Chill out nobhead

Chill out nobhead

Mary said, does it really matter who the father is, we've got a fucking flat in Galilee out of it, you fucking twat.

What about the child benefit money, where do you think that ganja we just smoked came from?

Anyway, there was a quire of angels singing in the sky, down below them, we were fucking high.

And one of the angels dropped me down a twix, I said how did you know I was hungry?

And the angel said; "I'm an angel you dickhead, we're clever, I've got O'level geography and everything."

I said; "You've got O'levels? You must be old. They're called GCSE's now"

"I'm an angel, I'm really old."

"You don't look it."

“I’m a fucking angel, get on with the song.”

And the angels sang…

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

23 years later, Jesus and myself were living in a flat with Kyle just up Manchester Road.

And we had these mates, they were called the apostles, they were brilliant, they were a right good set of lads and they all had really smart sandals and everything, and Jesus he had a mate who worked at the department of work and pensions, so he scammed all the Jiro’s for us.

I was on six hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds a day, nice one Jesus, good lad.

And we didn’t lack for anything, we had spaggeti hoopes with cheese on, every day, every fucking night dickhead, yes.

And it were going well round the gaff and fucking that, and we were all having a laugh and that.

But there was this one fucking apostle, fucking dickhead he was, from fucking Battersea, fucking right asshole, fucking plastic pretend football hooligan he was.

Reckoned he was hard, reckoned he was a Chelsea fan, I asked the other Chelsea fans, they said they never fucking heard of him.

His name were Judas, what a tosser, he said to Jesus, he said; “alright bruv, need anything from down town?”

And Jesus said; “no, no I don’t, I’m the son of God, I can create twixs from the very furniture, I am fine and anyway we all have the maximum jyro to survive.”

And Judas says; “Alright bruv, I’ll just nip out myself then.”

And he fucked off, and while he was gone, we were listening to Axis Bold As Love by Jimi Hendrix, we thought this is brilliant man, how the fuck did he get that guitar song, that’s just awesome. And Jesus said, “I taught him.” And I said, “Alright, yeah, yeah, fucking son of God, what fucking ever. I bet you invented wah-wah pedals as well, you vegan bastard.” And he said, “well yes I did actually.” And I said “Alright Jesus, some of your stories, you know you don’t half talk some bollox you.”

Anyway, there was a knock at the door, I thought who the fuck's that? And it was Judas. And do you know what…

He came back, but he didn't come alone.

He came back, but he didn't come on his own.

He brought the drug squad with him, and they charged us with possession with intent to enjoy.

Brought 'department of housing and benefits with him, charged us with doing miracles on the side while claiming incapacity benefits.

I said thank you very much Judas, you grassy little shit, where's all the money from twixs.

Anyway, I was going to smack him, but fucking police took us away.

And we were sentenced to be crucified, I don't even know what's happened to Judas, I've heard he's in the apostle protection program, the APP, and I was like alright.

Me and Jesus were nailed up on some wood and it was a right shocker, it was awful.

I tell you I had nails right threw my fucking wrists and I had right itchy bollocks aswell, I was like can't reach, can't reach.

But luckily Kyle never got caught and he came and gave them a bit of a scratch, thanks Kyle I'm glad you're there.

Anyway, me and Jesus we were nailed up, just about to die and that, and I said, "yeah it's alright for you Jesus, you'll be back in 3 days, I've seen that film, you fucking Norwegian git, what about me?"

And Jesus just looked at me, in that way that he did, in that Norwegian vegan way, he said…

Chill out knobhead

Chill out knobhead

Chill out knobhead

Chill out knobhead

And there was a quire of angels, who flew down in front of me.

And one of them was carrying a big, big fucking sheet of purple LSD.

They had purple 'Oms' on, they were old school.

And the angel popped a few into my gob and said don't worry about dying mate, that's the least of your fucking worries, wait until you come up on these bastards.

And they were working pretty fast, what with the nails through my wrists and that, and my adrenaline was pumping.

And as I were coming up on the acid, I could hear a Toyota corolla going down Manningham Lane, ooha ooha

And further in the distance, I could see Judas had got a bit depressed and hung himself with his Chelsea scarf, and I thought aww.

And the angels brought out the knives of righteousness, and the blowtorch of holiness and the cannabis of forgiveness.

And they administered a last few holy hotknives up my nose.

And I breathed up the smoke and I breathed it in, and I was absolved of all sin.

And I came up on the acid and I thought 'death? Fuck it. As long as the music's good, I don't give a shit.'

And the angels sang, in the most loud and angelic way possible, and it sounded almost as if everyone joined in, hopefully, hopefully, last chorus, the angels sang…

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

Hot knives are good for you.

Prologue

That was beautiful. What time does the medication trolley come round? About 8 o'clock? Usual then yeah?

Audience: Get administered to you by Jesus

Yeah, I was Jesus's bodyguard on ward 4. That's not even a lie.

9. I Skanked Me Nanna

Intro

Alright then, I must say, I've got three Nana's / 'cos my mum had two marriages and two of my Nana's are dead / so when I go to the afterlife, I'm going to get the fucking shit kicked out of me.

And Johnny Cash is gonna kick shit out of me and Bob Marley 'cause I nicked his riff for this.

How'd you get shit kicked out of you by Johnny Cash, Bob Marley and your Nana? It's gonna hurt innit, your Nana's gonna be holdin' your ears like that, Johnny Cash would be kicking you in the balls.

Song

I skanked me Nana, but I did not skank my anti Lilian

She's one in a million

I could never dream of skanking my anti Lilian

[Louder] I skanked me Nana, [quitter] but I did not skank my anti Lilian, she's a nice old lady, she used to drive a fire engine during the war.

Me Nana, she gave us 30 quid, she said "why don't you fuck off up to Thornton Edge and get us a quarter ounce of squidge black our kid. Get us a quarter ounce of squidge black and come *straight back.*" She said "I need it for my arthritis and that."

So I said Nana, why do I always have to score for you?

She said "because I fought 17 world wars for you".

I said "Hang on a minute, I did history at school, there was only 2".

She said "no there weren't dickhead, there was another 15 world wars in Eccelston that never got in the fucking papers. I'm telling ya.. Fucking Japanese tried to invade idle working mens club / I had to beat them off until they were exhausted.

I was like.. / Alright Nana.. / I don't wanna hear that Nana, I'll just go get your weed alright..

So I fucked off up to Thornton Edge to this guy that I knew. I went straight in and I got a quarter, I didn't even fill a pipe. I just said it's for my Nana, I've got to go.. he said well just stay for a cup of

tea.. I said nah I've got to go... he said mate my neighbors will be watching... I said fuck your neighbors it's me Nana's ganja, I've got to go...

And so I came out of the flats... with a quarter of squidgy black...

But across the road, was a car parked up with blacked out windows, it looked like a Toyota Corolla and one of the windows were rolled down.

And a voice came from inside and it were our Dean...

And he said alright Chris, have you got any draw on you, and I said no, and he said yes you fucking have, what have you been doing in the flats if you haven't been scoring?

And I said well I have scored a bit, but me Nana... he said never fucking mind your Nana... [serious face] Get in the fucking car... we need a bastard smoke... we've been smoking rocks, we're all fucking uptight and we need to calm down a bit.

So I got into the car, then I noticed it was a pretty full Toyota Corolla

There was our Dean, our Rupert and our Johnny

There was our Ben, there was our Iffty and our Taz

There was our Shwepp, there was our Denise and our Valley

There was our Bruhinder, there was our Denise and our Denise and our Denise and our Denise and her sister Sarah Denise and her sister Mary Denise, not right imaginative in our family when it comes to girls' names.

And we all sat in the car. . .

And I rolled a couple of spliffs to take the edge off living in Bradford.

And because there were so many of us it didn't go that far, so I rolled a couple more to take the edge off there being so many of us in the car.

And then I filled a couple of pipes to take the edge off being in Eccles Hill at all.

And then I filled another couple of pipes to take the edge off having to wear glasses and looking like a white version of Howard from the Halifax advert.

That shouldn't have got so much applause. Was a bit hurtful. Dropped myself in it thought didn't I.

Then we filled another couple of pipes while we were sat in the car. And our Dean were listening to Kelise and Kelise were singing,

She sang "My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, damn right it's better than yours, I could teach you, but I'd have to charge."

I do love Kelise, but I wish she'd stop ringing me up. She can't fucking accept that it's all over between me and her, I've moved on.

Me and Missy Elliot are together now. I love a girl in a puffer jacket me. Someone who's not afraid to wear men's boots, know what I'm saying?

Anyway, so after smoking loads of me nana's ganja, I said to our Dean "will you give us a lift back to Raven's Cliff to give my nana a spliff?"

And he said; "no fucking way, dickhead, [long pause] I don't think you noticed when you got in the car, but it's up on fucking bricks, we had our wheels nicked couple of weeks ago.

And I thought *shit* [slaps forehead].

I had to walk all the way back to Raven's Cliff, and it were fucking raining as I was walking past Eccles Hill swimming baths.

And I thought fuck this I'm going to have to roll myself a spliff to take the edge off what my Nana's going to do to me when she realises I've smoked all the ganja.

And so I had to fill up another couple of pipes, but that just *gave* me the fear. I thought shit, I wish I had some fucking diazepane on me, me mates just come back form Thailand, I'll ring her up and see if she's got any 10 milligram ones, them blue ones, but she were out and it was like shit, I've really got the fear now.

And I got back to me nana's and me Nana said "where the fuckin hell have you been." And me Nana was acting really strange that day, she had a black and white war film on the telly and the prodigy on at fuckin 50,000 gigger watts, what's she doing? "Nana you didn't find a big bag of tablets in my bedroom did you?"

She said never mind that dickhead. You're fucking stoned, you've been smoking my weed.

I said how'd you know I'm stoned?

She said well your eyes are bright red and you went straight for the biscuits. You've had 15 rocky robins and you've only just got into the house. For fucks sake, you fat bastard. No wonder you look Howard out of fucking Halifax advert.

And then she said; "Where's that funking ganja then."

And I said; "Well, what it is right, I missed my bus. . ."

And she said; "There is no fucking bus, between Thorpe Edge and Raven's Cliff. And to be honest there's someone in the front room who wants to have a word with you, and I went in the front room and my Uncle Raymond was sat there with a baseball bat.

And he said I drove round fucking Thorpe Edge earlier and I saw you in a fucking car, that was up on bricks, smoking ganja, with your Dean, and your Rupert and your Johnny, and your Ben, and your Iffty and your Taz, and your Shwepp, and your Denise, and your Valley, and your Bruhinder, and your Denise, and your Denise and your Denise and your Denise. . .

And I said alright, chill out, chill out.

And me Nana said. . . Me Nana gets disability living allowance so she can afford these digital scales, and they're accurate to a millionth of a gram, she made me put the ganja on the scales to humiliate me further. And it should have weighed about 7 grams, but did it fuck, it weighed 1.333333333 recurring grams, which is less than an eighth.

She wasn't best pleased, so my Uncle Raymond grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and he made me put my hands on the kitchen table flat, and he battered the back of each hand with his baseball bat, and he mashed up me knuckles. He said; "that'll stop you playing the guitar and thieving off your family you little fucker."

And I thought ooaa that really hurt, and I had to walk all the way up to Bradford Royal Infirmary with mashed up knuckles and when I got there I got stuck in a que behind a kid with a pan on his head, I was starting to get MRSA in my mashed up knuckles and when I got to the front of the que it turned out that the kid with the pan on his head, the pan weren't even stuck, it was just a three stripe Addidas pan, it was a fucking fashion pan, the bastard. And the nurse said how did you get your knuckles broken, and I said I walked into a door, she said no you fucking didn't, you've been skanking your nana, I said how did you know that, she said it was on Look North. Christie from Thorpe Edge said it was you who had done it.

Last bit now, the moral of the whole song.

Don't skank your Nana, after all it was your Nana who bought you some action man bubble bath even though you were 27. Thanks Nana.

10. Anti-Gravity Cats

If you get a piece of toast and it falls to the ground

It will always land butter side down

But if you get a domestic cat

And it falls to the street

It will always land, land upon its feet

Which makes me wonder what would happen if…

I gaffer taped a bit of buttered toast onto the back of a cat… and pegged it out of a tower block.

How would it know how to land?

How would it know how to land?

The cat would try to land upon it's feet and yet the buttery toast upon it's back would desperately try to land upon it's buttery side.

How would it know how to land?

How would it know how to land?

The cat would try to land upon it's feet and yet the buttery toast would be compelled by the laws of physics to land upon it's buttery side.

So maybe it would spin forever?

Spinning approximately 18 inches above the ground

That's where it would be found.

Cat's with toast on their backs, anti-gravity cats.

Cat's with toast on their backs, anti-gravity cats.

Cat's with toast gaffer taped to their backs, turning them into anti-gravity cats.

Cat's with toast on their backs, anti-gravity cats.

It wouldn't work with labradors, fat bastards.

It wouldn't work with labradors, fat bastards.

They'd eat each other's toast, they'd eat each other's toast,

Fat fucking bastards, you can't leave any fucking food, any fucking near them.

But you could use the scabbiest cat's in the world, not the nice fluffy pet ones, with nice collars.

You could use the shit ones that didn't cost no dollars, the ones you find in flats that've been eating the faces of dead old ladies.

The scabby cats, scabby cats, scabby cats, scabby cats.

You could use the scabby cats, scabby cats, scabby cats, scabby cats.

You wouldn't even need to use expensive bread, you could use the cheapest happy shopper bread

You're not going to eat it; it's just going to get gaffer tapped behind the back of their head

And you could use the cheapest butter in the world, or the cheapest you could find

But it wouldn't work with margarine, you know that yeah? Buttered toast falls butter side down, but margarine, that don't work, and do you know why margarine don't work? It's only two molecules away from plastic that's why, that yellow paint, you shouldn't be putting that shit on your fucking bread man, I'll tell you why...

Because margarine, is the devil's spunk

Because margarine, is the devil's spunk

You don't want the devil's jizz on your toast, that's not the thing you want the most. With his little horny hands all over your toast, you don't want that shit, you want to just use butter.

And then you can just use the scabbiest cats, throw them out of tower blocks, with toast on their backs, as they fall down to the ground and they start to spin round and fucking round, use them as a turbine.

You could use them as a turbine.

You could power up half the iphones in Swindon, off a tortoise shelled cat, with toast on it's back.

If you got every scabby cat that no one loves and you threw it out of a window with toast on it's back, you could soon replace fossil feuls and nuclear power.

I estimate we could do it in an hour.

All we need is some buttered fucking toast, some gaffer tape and cats and then throw them out of the windows, weight until they dropped, attach electrodes as they spin and then begin to harvest energy from the cat turbines.

I don't know how to get out of this song now, it started out as such a good idea and yeah yeah meow meow, I had two grams of meow meow the other night, fucking shit, but on Thursday, I had two grams of woof woof, much better, aww I'm telling you, I chewed threw a number of toys.

Shit that was the end that.

11. I'm In An Anarchist Squat Punk Band

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band.

Drive around in a knackered old van.

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band.

Drive around in a knackered old van.

We always have a ska bit in our songs.

We always have a ska bit in our songs.

It’s the bit where ‘drummer gets a rest.

If we don’t let him, he gets depressed.

It’s the only time he gets to change his vest.

And we play on the off-beat to show our solidarity with the oppressed.

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band.

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band.

Drive around in a knackered old van.

Our carbon footprint is bigger than NASA.

But we are always wishing our van would go faster.

We went to liberate the beagles from the laboratory.

Set the beagles free.

We went to liberate the beagles from the laboratory.

Set the beagles free.

We took them home in the back of our van.

72 newly released beagles in a van, to our squat in Nottingham.

But there was one thing that we had not realised.

The beagles had been smoking cigarettes all of their lives.

The beagles they were gasping, desperate for a fag.

They were fucking gasping and they really needed a cig.

The beagles needed Regals.

The beagles needed Regals.

The beagles needed Regals.

The beagles needed Regals.

The beagles needed Regals and we just didn't know.

All we had at home was shitty herbal rolling tobacco-oh-ho, oh no-ah-ho.

They bit us on our ankles and they bit us on our knees.

Bit us on our elbows and they gave us a disease.

A disease from inside laboratories.

A disease from inside laboratories.

A disease from inside laboratories.

I'm in an anarchist squat-punk band

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band

I’m in an anarchist squat-punk band

I’ll never release any beagles again.

12. Bob the Amazing Sheepdog

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

He could do things, other sheepdogs could not do

He could do things, he was good with a pool cue

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

He could do things, other sheepdogs could not do

He could do things, he was good with a pool cue

He was a pool shark sheepdog, he went into pubs and pretended to be shit at pool.

And then he played the locals, he got them into thinking he was shit.

And because he was a dog, they easily believed he was crap

Because he didn't have any thumbs, so he wasn't very good at holding the cue or at least that's what he made them think.

Bob the amazing, bob the genius sheepdog

He was an amazing, he was a pool shark sheepdog

He could do things, he could do predictive text

He could do things, other sheepdogs could not do

On a Wednesday, he was playing the farmers in a pub in Skipton.

He let them win a few frames, he let them win a lot of games,

He made them think, that he was shite.

Then he suggested, putting £20 quid on the last frame.

And the farmers laughed to see such fun.

A foolish border collie, so easily to be parted from his 20 pounds.

And Bob let them put their money down on the side of the table.

He let him pot a couple of yellows.

But then Bob, he took control of the game.

He 8 balled them, and then he potted the black.

He took the 40 quid and he fucked off out the back.

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

He was an amazing, he was a genius sheepdog

When he got home, he went a bit mental

He went a bit chicken oriental, radio rental

He got his 40 quid and he invested it in crack

As a dog he swapped it out the back

It made him laugh to see such fun

And then the farmer came home the next day

And he found a note on the kitchen table

In very scratchy looking paw writing

It looked like the writing of a border collie

And the note was from bob and it said...

Dear farmer, I'm too amazing for you

Too amazing, you've taught me too much stuff

It's like lawnmower man, explained bob

You've taught me too much stuff and now I'm too clever for you and I've left you behind

And by the end of the note you will find, that I took your range rover...

I took it over

I took your bank card, I know your passwords to everything

Even your Netflix, even your Netflix account

And now I'm shagging your wife, and now I'm shagging her leg, your wife's leg is covered in sheepdog smeg

And the farmer was upset, he was filled with regret as he saw the note from Bob

He thought how disloyal, a man's best friend has proved to be extremely disloyal

He's driven off with my wife, he thought about ending his life.

He ended up watching a lot of day time tv everyday, the farmer he watched,

He watched daytime tv until he ended up in a phone box opposite the mosque, smoking rocks.

And then who came past, but Bob

In a range rover, with the farmers wife looking so happy and glamorous

It was one too many things for the farmer, he sank down to the floor

But as he passed out, there was something he heard in his mind

A catchy refrain, something evil that seeped into his brain

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

Bob the amazing, he was an amazing sheepdog

He could do things, other people could not do

He could do things, he was good with a pool cue

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

Bob the amazing, bob the amazing sheepdog

13. I Hate Babies

Intro

Alright I'm gonna do babies, but since it's the last one of the night, I want proper sing backs and I want as vicious as you can possibly be.

So if I sing a line out to you, you gotta sing it back.

And if any of you don't, I'll find out where you live.

And I'll get a housing benefit claim on your spare room.

And I'll eat all your cashew nuts and I'll say it was somebody else.

I'm prepared to go that far, I know it sounds evil, but I am evil.

That's one of the curses of being evil, it's the embarrassing bit when you realise you are evil.

Here we go then…

Song

I hate babies! I fucking hate babies!

I hate babies! I fucking hate babies!

If one of your mates, came round your house, sat next to your misses, got one of her tits out, started to suck on the end of her tit and piss himself and shit himself and throw up down her back, you'd smash his fucking face in.

You wouldn't invite him round again.

You wouldn't even let him in.

You wouldn't give him anymore ketamine!

But babies get away with it because they're cute.

But they're just thieving bastards in a rompa suit.

They've stolen all my friends, no one goes out anymore.

Everyone's sitting round on the front room floor…

Going aww, we're more important now we've got a baby.

We're at home, we're doing a jigsaw now.

For fucks sake! You used to be my mate!

I could rely on you to drink heavily into the morning with me.

But now, you've all got babies, you bastards.

I hate babies! I fucking hate babies!

I hate babies! I fucking hate babies!

I hate babies! I'm fucking sick of babies!

Babies can make as much noise as they want, late at night, but not me.

People bang on me wall, people bang on me floor, they bang on me door.

They say shut up you fat, alcoholic, manic depressive, care in the community dickhead.

And I shout back, fuck off mum.

Babies lives are just perfect and easy, and everyone indulges them, even when they're being dickheads.

No one ever tells them off, they just look after them the bastards, everything's nice for them.

They spend their lives lying on a bed

Sucking on tits that are bigger than their head.

Now I'd like to do that with a bit more of my time, but because I'm not a baby, I'm not allowed that shit no more, it's not fair.

If I go into Tesco's, and shit myself and piss myself and start to cry again, I'll just get sectioned again.

It's not fair is it? It's age discrimination, one law for babies and one law for me.

And they're no use are they at all, come on now, everyone says kids are lovely, are they bollocks.

They’re little sacks of human excrement screaming over nothing.

Babies are worse than fucking smack heads, babies are worse than fucking smack heads.

At least a smack head will have the common curtsy to carry a lighter.

Babies can’t skin up or chop a line out, they never get a round in and pretty soon you’ll find out they’re boring little bastards until they can talk.

And I’ve got no time for them until they can walk.

And even then they can walk t’ corner shop and get me a twix, and shut the fuck up.

So I need to get out of this song, I want a sing back, I want a chorus at the top of your voices, so when I sing a line, I want you singing it back yeah?

I hate babies! I hate babies!

I fucking hate babies! I fucking hate babies!

I hate babies! I hate babies!

I’m fucking sick of babies! I’m fucking sick of babies!

You evil bastards, I filmed all that, that’s going to social services.

That’s it, thank you.

Vol2. Folk Songs

1. Travelling Free

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, travelling down the road

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, never do what we've been told

Travelling, travelling, travelling light, travelling through the night

Travelling, travelling, travelling light, and everything's alright

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, anywhere we like

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, on our feet or on our bike

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, travelling down the road

Travelling, travelling, travelling free, never do what I've been told

2. Hustler's Lament

I like drinking lots of whiskey, I like drinking lots of special brew

Because there's a hole inside me and that hole is the size and shape of you

On a bad day it feels so hollow, feels so hollow you can see right through

Darling you knew things about me, no one else that I could tell them too

Knew you were a traveller, hoped that one day you might just return

Now I know that you're never coming back, the lesson's far too hard to learn

Took a piece of my soul with you and the hole it's left it fucking burns

So I'll keep drinking lots of whiskey and I'll keep drinking lots of special brew

Because there's a hole inside me and that hole is the size and shape of you

So I'll keep drinking lots of whiskey and I'll keep drinking lots of special brew

Because there's a hole inside me and that hole is the size and shape of you

3. Into The Valley of The Timber Wolves

Intro

The story of how the Fat Panthers rescued Vagabondi the Wood Carver from the Timber Wolves

Song

Into the valley of the timber wolves

Road and injured traveller

A gunshot wound was in his leg

A horse was breathing harder

He slipped from the horse to the muddy ground below

And near the trees the wolves were howling

And through the trees he heard a sound that sounded like a fiddle

[Instrumental]

As he fell down to the ground, the wolves they did circle round

They were waiting for his life blood

He shouted out into the night and he was heard by the musicians in the pole top [tent]

[Instrumental]

Kruger O'Reilly came out of the caravan brandishing her shorn off shot gun

Christie O'Miran came out of the boat top brandishing his trusty banjo

[Instrumental]

Brave musicians frightened away the wolves and picked up the injured traveller

They took him to safety in their boat topped caravan

And fetched porcine out from the larder

[Instrumental]

Kruger O'Reilly she stitched up the wound after taking out the bullets

Christie O’Miran he fired up the bong and he gave their traveller blowbacks from it

[Instrumental]

As he recovered, the traveller could talk

He had done that before he had learned to walk

He'd learned the harmonica, he could play it so well

And so they all went on a tour

They toured all the land in the fair land and sea

They went on the land and the sea, they were free

They never stayed longer than 3 days anywhere

And they became the old fat panthers

[Instrumental]

4. Let The Sorrow Come

Tears are only there to clean your eyes

To help you realize, to help you realize

To help you realize what's important in your life

I blamed myself for the death of my friend

Will the sorrow never end? Will the sorrow never end?

I blamed myself for the death of my friend

So I let the sorrow come, I let the sorrow come

I let the sorrow come and I let it's work be done

And I let the sorrow go, I let the sorrow go

I let the sorrow go or it would drown me in it's flow

If she was here now, I bet she'd say

She tried to take the sorrow away

She tried to take the sorrow away

That was always her way

So I let the sorrow come, I let the sorrow come

I let the sorrow come and I let it's work be done

And I let the sorrow go, I let the sorrow go

I let the sorrow go or it would drown me in it's flow.

My time is coming to a close

There is no bed of roses

There is no easy way

There is no good time to do anything or say

But I saw my lungs turn into blood

Let it be understood, such things they are no good

Such things they are no good when your lungs turn into blood.

So I let the sorrow come, I let the sorrow come

I let the sorrow come and I let it's work be done

And I let the sorrow go, I let the sorrow go

I let the sorrow go or it would drown me in it's flow.

But I found a goddess for my life

Every drink of water

Every bit of food

Every bit of smile

And every fucking tear

Tears are only there to clean your eyes

To help you realize, to help you realize

To help you realize what's important in your life

5. Smugglers Bold

I was in the van with the Endy boys, on the way to Crossmaglen

And they told me tales of smokeless bowl and of the smokeless men

And how the army took the smokeless truck and locked it safe away

Behind big walls and steel gates in the army base that day

But then one night, a bold young lad said I'm off to get the truck

And though they thought he could not succeed, they wished him best of luck

He took a small, a smaller truck and pressed it to the gate

He inched it forward gradually and bent the steel plates

He crawled beneath the bent steel gate into the army base

He found the truck that the army took and he drove it from that place

So fare thee well oh smokeless bowl, I hope you all stay free

I hope you all have all the luck outrunning the army

So fare thee well oh smokeless bowl, I hope you all stay free

Bringing contra band from over land and fuck the RUC

6. Out of Sight

Your trainers, they're so box fresh

You look so cool, but look more closely at the mesh

Those stitches were put there by a child in Bangladesh

It's out of sight, so that's alright

It's out of sight, so it's out of mind

If it's out of mind, then it's out of sight

That makes it, that makes it alright, I think

That mobile phone in your pocket

Little device that's costing you a packet

Taking over your mind, it's a big big racket

The ingredients that make that phone are minded by children under African skies

They don't live long, most of them die

The sound of gunshots, is the sound they're familiar with

But it gets the ingredients for the iphone fucking 6

But it's out of sight, so that's alright

It's happening elsewhere, I'll never be over there

I've got my trainers on and I'm texting me mates

And I'm here in the west, where life is fucking great

It's out of sight, it's out of mind

Doesn’t even matter how cruel or necessarily unkind

As long as I’m the one-eyed man in the kingdom of the blind

Everything’s fine, I’ll just close that eye

Vol 3. Instrumentals

1. Riff for Paco

“An old riff o mine which came after bein shown a partial capo by CLive, this guitar man up in hebden years ago.. you can tell I was on bass before guitar .. I love this lil riff, it doesn’t have any words n first time playin it on electric. TECHNO SKIFFLE riff wiv new intro”

Dedicated to Paco in remembrance.

2. Say Farewell

3. Demented Pixie Music

4. Manchego

5. Five Pound Junkie Shades

6. Walking Through Morecambe

7. Banjoy Division

8. Molly’s Song

9. Into The Valley Of The Timberwolves

See version with lyrics on vol.2 track 3

10. All The Kings Are Gone

11. Lying To Your Mum

12. Coming Down Slow

Vol 4. Bonus CD - Stand Up, Sketches & Stories

1. Soundchecks & Singbacks

Soundchecks are fucking ace, especially when it's a drum soundcheck and it goes snare, snare, snare, for 10 minutes. I love that bit, that's my favorite bit of the gig.

My backing band couldn't be with me tonight because of not existing.

And I did try to get them to come, but they were only in my mind.

But, there has been a lot of problems, I did nearly split up on the way here.

That's not funny mate, you don't know the stress I'm under, I nearly split up just before the gig.

Fucking nightmare.

No I didn't.

You what?

Am I fucking saying I'm gonna split up?

Yeah I fucking am what am I gonna do about it?

Am I fucking looking at me?

I'll fucking knock myself out in a minute, fat cunt.

Shit, hang on sorry, I'm just glad that none of this actually comes out of me mouth.

Imagine if everyone could hear your internal monologue...

Do you want them women to come and introduce me, because it's pretty pointless now, should I just get on with it?

People of Blackpool, this fucking festival is like the football match in the middle of the 1st world war.

Loads of people who could be killing each other, just having a rest from all that, I like to see that.

And this is the time, I don't want to see you sat down, it's Saturday afternoon you lazy fuckers.

Can we have a bit of like we mean it? Can we have a bit of like we mean it vibes?

Now these are the rules, it's very, very simple. Anyone in here, who doesn't sing along to the sing-a-longy bits, I'll find out where you live.

And I'll get a housing benefit claim on your spare room.

And I'll eat all your cashew nuts and I'll say it was somebody else.

I'm prepared to go that far, I know it sounds evil, but it is evil because you know I am evil.

That's one of the curses of being evil, it's the embarrassing bit when you realise you are evil.

2. Day 3604 In The Big Tory Workhouse

Day 3064 in the big Tory workhouse.

Tiny Tim has been found fit for work, despite dying on Wednesday of cholera.

His mother has been punished for his non-attendance by having to give her kidney to her local Tory MP who needed it for one of his dogs.

Meanwhile Michael has gone to the Diary Room, only to find out that Diary resources have been drastically cut and the room has been re-imagined as a mincing machine, which he fell into and then was made into burgers, which were sold to make more money for his Tory overlords.

3. Steward Skit

Uh excuse me, excuse me, uh excuse me, uh fella, uh could I have a quick word.

Uh I can see that you've just finished putting your tent up, I can see that, but could you move it please because this is a designated area which i don't want you to put your tent uh it's been designated by me and you had an email about it about a year after the festival i think if you check your emails in a year's time you'll find that uh that you'll get an email a year from today which will clearly state that you can't put your tent there because i'm... i'm...

i don't make, well i do make the rules at the moment, but uh you know i'm going to pretend somebody else does. No i'm sorry you can't you can't put your tent, i know you've just put your tent up and put all your things inside it and i can see that that's upsetting you but we won't tolerate bad language because this is after all a festival.

A festival, a free expression of, of um creativity and uh i like it to follow the rules, uh spontaneity is all very well but spontaneity needs to be finished by uh one one minute past midnight otherwise the council will take away our license.

4. Electric Distortion

A psychedelic dance track.

5. The Light Side Of Psychosis

Intro

We used t stay in neighbours house wen me mum was at work, n they customised bikes n trikes.. I used t see em Avin a cig but it was well different to me mums bensons or regals.. it were like they made their cigs from scratch wi three bits o paper.. n burnin lumps o stuff n crumbling

… n I used t feel sorry for em cos they must o been skint cos they all shared one cig?!

Was always dead hungry wen we went home

Story

When I was about 24, I was having a bit of a bad do, these lads tried to kill me and my brother, blah, blah, blah.

I'd been awake for a few nights, I'd lost my house. And everything was going a bit shite, so I ate this big lump of hash thinking this'll get me to bed, aha, silly cunt.

And then I had a seizure in my girlfriend's bed, not knowing what a seizure was because it was the first one I'd ever had, I was that sleep deprived and I was very frightened as well, so I had loads of adrenaline in my head.

And in my tripping sort of state, I went downstairs naked, covered in piss.

And I'm saying to our James; Shamus, listen to me man.

And he's like; what are you doing with no clothes on you cunt?

And I'm like; Shamus, listen. I've died.

And I was convinced that I'd died in this seizure. And what I'd been experiencing in the convulsions was my soul leaving my body, so I was actually totally convinced that I was dead because I was in the middle of a cannabis psychosis, not realising after eating a massive lump of hash. Silly bastard.

So my brother's going; you haven't died.

And my girlfriend and my mates are going; you haven't fucking died mate. You're naked, you're being a bit annoying, but you're certainly not dead.

And I was getting really annoyed, because I'm thinking why aren't they listening to me, why are they denying the most spiritual experience I've ever had? I died up their in that fucking bed you cunts!

He said; yeah we could hear fucking something was going on, we thought you were having a wank or something.

And I was like; I died!

And they wouldn't have it, and then because I got so irate with my poor brother, the poor bastard, him putting up with me, I fucking had another seizure.

But everybody saw me then having a fit, so they did what you'd imagine would be sensible, they got an ambulance.

So I've come round from the second fit, in the ambulance, still convinced that I've died.

So I'm thinking they're wasting NHS resources, they could help somebody else.

So I'm shouting to the driver; mate, I've died, you're wasting petrol.

Don't take me to BRI, take me to Ecleshill cemetery where I used to huff the glue and I'll be alright.

And I'll be a ghosty and I can huff ghosty glue and it'll all be fine.

And my poor brother was in the ambulance with me and I'm saying to him: James look, you'll have to ring mum and tell her I've died.

And he was like trying to hold me still.

And it's shameful to admit, but I kind of got a big fighty, a bit fighty with the ambulance guys.

Which you should never do, because fuck me they actually save lives man.

And I was more fighty with my brother, but we did fight a lot as brothers anyway.

So they ended up strapping me to this ambulance, fucking stretchy thing.

And I'm there in Bradford Royal Infirmary, I'm there in A&E, strapped to a stretcher and I'm shouting at all the pissheads going; will you show a bit of respect for the dead! I fucking died earlier you cunts! I fucking died I'll have you know!

Then they put me onto a heart monitor, because they're obviously thinking what is going on with this mad cunt?

And after a bit of calming down I had another fit, and the little things came off my chest didn't they, so the machine went ooooooooooo. Not because I had died, but because they came off my chest.

But me, I saw that and I'm saying to the nurses; I fucking told you, I fucking told you cunts, I fucking died.

Why is no one listening to me today? I fucking died at tea time and you're still fucking me about with this fucking heart monitor.

Can I not just get a taxi to go to the pub now I'm a ghosty?

And anyway as you might imagine I ended up in a mental hospital.

6. The Story of Captain Hotknives

Ay up, right, so this is the story of Captain Hotknives. It's how I got the name, it's where the songs came from in the beginning and why I started doing it in public as a thing, right?

So, I'm doing this for Eddie, out of the Nils in Dublin, because he interviewed me once outside Emit's bar in Balina.

'Went great good, I've never really been interviewed for obvious reasons, involving fucking ticks and what-have-you, I'm probably a bit of a nightmare to interview.

But like he interviewed us, recorded it into this zoom thing, happy days! But then the card or something didn't work so it all got lost.

But he was the only person who ever asked me the good questions and it did make me think how the fucking did I get started, etc.

So, I'm gonna try and explain it, all right then, so the name Captain Hotknives - I wasn't gonna call myself anything, it always seems pretentious having a 'band name', but if you're gonna perform on stage, you need a fucking name. And me own name Christopher, bit on the boring side, you know. 'And now, live on stage, Christopher!' Do you know what I mean? It's not really up there with the good rock and roll names is it? Like Chuck Berry.

Anyway so I got this nickname years before I did any fucking gigs, what it was, I used to go to this guy's house to get a draw. And me and my mate Rachel, we used to go in to town busking, soon as we had enough money to get a team for an eighth, we'd go over somebody's house and buy it.

And we used to annoy the fuck out of all the dealers because we turned up with like loads of 20p's and 10p's, and be like that *dumps coins* aha, £14.10, £14.11, and you know the guy would be like for fucking sake, just bring some fucking bank notes, and we'd be like we've been busking man.

So we were busking to get a smoke and this one day we went to this guy's house in Bradford, got this 8th. And all Bradford hours used to have these gas fires, all the shit houses anyway, housing benefit shit holes, these gas fires with these tiley bits.

So I chopped out a whole eighth into blims. And me and Rachel got the knives out of the guitar case, we hot knifed the whole eighth between us, but that was like standard behaviour to us.

And then off we fucked to get more money, to come back and get another eighth and annoy the cunt again, with loads of change.

And just as I was leaving in the door, the fella says “you’re a right fucking captain hotknives you are, aren’t you?” And I thought well I'm not the captain of it pal, I got shown it by Scottish people, Scottish people are fuck loads harder than English people and they showed me the hot knives back in the late 80s, so I was never the captain of it.

But I've got this guy calling me captain hotknives, forgot it instantly, went outside, went back to theiving and getting money. So anyway, never thought about it again, captain fucking hotknives.

But I did have a song for years called ‘hot knives are good for you’ and it was made up for my friend Rachel, now Rachel was my partner in crime for a while, like we met through busking on dally street in Bradford.

Anyway, so we were both a bit mad like, we used to go all day getting money to get a smoke, and all-night smoking it, chatting, fucking being giddy and could never sleep.

We used to go see all the horses that were tied up at the bottom of the estates, like bottom of Elmwood. We used to go take them carrots and things like that, I used to feel like I were one of them horses, you know with a chain around it's fucking neck, can only go in a little circle, because that’s what it’s like living in Bradford on fucking dole money.

So anyways, she and me, me and Rachel, I was a base player, I was in a band and I was never wanting to front a band, I'm not a singer, I can’t shut up, but I don’t necessarily talk a lot of sense, so I never got given a mic in any band that I played bass and I'd rather play a bass to be honest, it’s my first love, getting them fingers walking on the strings.

But see, I used to make silly songs up, just for me and Rachel in the nights, at me old gaff, and I used to call my old house the hot knife research station. And we'd meet random nutters all the time, but anyone who come in the house I'd make them have a few hot knives, because I'll tell you what, you know, if they were fucking plainclothes or something, it’d be fucking hilarious, you know giving them some hotknives, but luckily everyone was sound who came round, ish, Bradford it's a wide term soundness.

So I used to make these songs for Rachel anyway and years down the line, sadly Rachel went on to the next world in bad circumstances. And after that, because I never had the front, she always used to tell me “you should do those silly songs as a gig, you should sing ‘hot knives are good for you’ in the pub!”

And I said “Rachel, nobody in their right mind will want a seven minute fucking story about Jesus Mary and Joseph doing hot knives in the desert, except you, our Ben, our Dean, Alan, do you know, the people we knew might like it because I could sing it to them and I could see they liked it and that worked and I knew it was all right. But doing it in a pub, fuck off, no way was I gonna sing a captain hotknives song in a pub, and I weren’t even ‘captain hotknives’ yet. I was just me Christopher.

But you see after Rachel went, I had a word with myself and I thought the only thing that stopped me doing Captain Hotknives songs, which is what they've become, is fear, I was afraid to go in a pub and just do a rambling story, like because you can do that in a front room with a few mates, because they’re your mates, they're not gonna kick your head in, they’ll probably laugh and if they don't laugh, at least you can see by their eyes, they’re fucking bored and you just stop, do you get me? Whereas in a pub, it’s full of fucking random strangers, they could be complete psychos, you don’t know what singing to them might entail. It’s bad enough being a bass player, I've seen mad enough fucking shit from being on stage all my days.

So for one thing or another, I wasn't in a rush to sing my songs that I thought were for Rachel, I wasn’t in a rush to sing them out to the public in bigger numbers. But see, when I was grieving over the loss of my friend, I thought she did tell me to do this and I never fucking did it, I never listened to her, well I did listen, but I was just too scared to do it and I thought well what am I afraid of now? And you know what I kind of wanted somebody to kill me because somebody had killed my friend and I thought fuck this life.

So I just started going into open mic nights and singing ‘hot knives are good for you’ or ‘I skanked my nana’ which were just old little ideas from sitting there with Rachel in my front room all them years ago and me mate Boris. People I knew like donkey's years ago will know them songs because that's where they came from.

But like it took a lot of years afterwards, it was about maybe 17 years since this guy called me captain hotknives, so started actually getting gigs, from turning up at parties, people started booking me to play in pubs. So then I needed a name for obvious reasons, you can't go under your own fucking name can you? Especially when it's as boring as fucking mine.

So, cuz I had that song ‘hot knifes are good for you’. that’s why I thought ah! I remembered that fella said to me “you’re a right fucking captain hotknives you are aren’t you you cunt,” I was like well I do like the hot knives it is true, ever since I got shown it, favorite method, most economical, biggest hit off smallest amount, proper poverty method, shown it by Scottish people that I was in a band with.

So that is the root of all of Captain Hotknives, how it all started, started playing in pubs and if you've ever heard the song hustlers lament, the sad tune with a banjo, that is about Rachel because her surname was hustler and the lament is that she's gone on to the next world. I'm not religious, but you know what it is, you get brought up with certain patterns.

Alright so, long-winded, but that's why I'm called captain hotknives, that’s where the first old songs came from and it was after my friend passing away that I thought I'm gonna do this in pubs. And I kind of wanted people to kill me, I've gone in pubs full of hard knocks and pure fucking song me heart out, I've sung anti-racist lyrics to people who are fucking racist, I’ve took me chances, I'm amazed nobody's killed me yet, but you know early days, I’ve only been at it 15 years.

So that's the story of Captain Hotknives, and how it all started, so it's going out to Rachel in the next world, love you Rachel, you were right, people do like it and it has been a good ride.

Take it easy everybody, massive love from Bradford.

Notes from the editor

1. Call out for a collective writing project

A comedy song telling the story of Chris's (Captain Hotknives) first descent into psychosis was sung one fateful night at The Secret Garden Party festival in a style similar to The Doors, but sadly it has been all but forgotten.

Do you fancy yourself a writer or comedian and have suggestions for rewriting the song or can share with someone who is? Or by 1 in a billion chance were you one of the people who heard it or know someone who did and can get them to remember?

Chris's songs over the last 20 years or more have been a reminder to find the comic absurdity in many aspects of our society and the campaigns to change it for the better. Reminding us that in being able to laugh at ourselves, we can then feel freer to experiment and enjoy a culture with more complex forms of expression being understood.

He's gone from risking his own skin walking into dodgy far-right pubs to sing songs making fun of racism, to writing songs making light of the head spinning speed in the 90s in which someone could go from leafleting against fox hunting to being asked to help liberate beagles from a laboratory. He's poked fun at the history of land ownership and past along tales of drug smugglers robbing their van back from the RUC.

So if a talented songwriter could find a way to work into the lyrics what his future would hold after this fateful event, I think it could go a long way towards a fitting tribute.

Finally feel free to go away and produce something totally unique and contact me at theosladework@gmail.com with what you've come up with or you can comment your lyrics suggestions directly on the google doc on me website so you can see what other people have contributed:

Simply search 'call out for a collective song writing tribute to Captain Hotknives' to find the post which will lead you to the google doc.

2. Comedy song analysis

I Skanked Me Nana

Intro

Alright then, I must say, I've got three Nana's / 'cos my mum had two marriages and two of my Nana's are dead / so when I go to the afterlife, I'm going to get the fucking shit kicked out of me. [a]

And Johnny Cash is gonna kick shit out of me and Bob Marley 'cause I nicked his riff for this.

How'd you get shit kicked out of you by Johnny Cash, Bob Marley and your Nanas? It's gonna hurt innit, your Nana's gonna be holdin' your ears like that, Johnny Cash would be kicking you in the balls. I dno [painful pause] . [b]

Song

I skanked me Nana, but I did not skank my anti Lilian

She's one in a million

I could never dream of skanking my anti Lilian [c]

[Louder] I skanked me Nana, [quitter] but I did not skank my anti Lilian, she's a nice old lady, she used to drive a fire engine during the war. [d]

Me Nana, she gave us 30 quid, she said "why don't you fuck off up to Thornton Edge and get us a quarter ounce of squidge black our kid. Get us a quarter ounce of squidge black and come *straight back.*" She said "I need it for my arthritis and that."

So I said Nana, why do I always have to score for you?

She said "because I fought 17 world wars for you". [e]

I said “Hang on a minute, I did history at school, there was only 2”.

She said “no there weren’t dickhead, there was another 15 world wars in Eccelston that never got in the fucking papers. I’m telling ya.. Fucking Japanese tried to invade idle working mens club / I had to beat them off until they were exhausted.

I was like.. / Alright Nana.. / I don’t wanna hear that Nana, I’ll just go get your weed alright.. [f]

So I fucked off up to Thornton Edge to this guy that I knew. I went straight in and I got a quarter, I didn’t even fill a pipe. I just said it’s for my Nana, I’ve got to go.. he said well just stay for a cup of tea.. I said nah I’ve got to go… he said mate my neighbors will be watching… I said fuck your neighbors it’s me Nana’s ganja, I’ve got to go… [g]

And so I came out of the flats… with a quarter of squidgy black…

But across the road, was a car parked up with blacked out windows, it looked like a Toyota Karola and one of the windows were rolled down. [h]

And a voice came from inside and it were our Dean…

And he said alright Chris, have you got any draw on you, and I said no, and he said yes you fucking have, what have you been doing in the flats if you haven’t been scoring? [i]

And I said well I have scored a bit, but me Nana… he said never fucking mind your Nana… [serious face] Get in the fucking car… we need a bastard smoke… we’ve been smoking rocks, we’re all fucking uptight and we need to calm down a bit. [j]

So I got into the car, then I noticed it was a pretty full Toyota Corolla [k]

There was our Dean, our Rupert and our Johnny [l]

There was our Ben, there was our Iffty and our Taz

There was our Shwepp, there was our Denise and our Valley

There was our Bruhinder, there was our Denise and our Denise and our Denise and our Denise and her sister Sarah Denise and her sister Mary Denise, not right imaginative in our family when it comes to girls' names. [m]

And we all sat in the car. . .

And I rolled a couple of spliffs to take the edge off living in Bradford.

And because there were so many of us it didn't go that far, so I rolled a couple more to take the edge off there being so many of us in the car.

And then I filled a couple of pipes to take the edge off being in Eccles Hill at all.

And then I filled another couple of pipes to take the edge off having to wear glasses and looking like a white version of Howard from the Halifax advert.

That shouldn't have got so much applause. Was a bit hurtful. Dropped myself in it thought didn't I. [n]

Then we filled another couple of pipes while we were sat in the car. And our Dean were listening to Kelise and Kelise were singing,

She sang "My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, damn right it's better than yours, I could teach you, but I'd have to charge." [o]

I do love Kelise, but I wish she'd stop ringing me up. She can't fucking accept that it's all over between me and her, I've moved on.

Me and Missy Elliot are together now. I love a girl in a puffer jacket me. Someone who's not afraid to wear men's boots, know what I'm saying? [p]

Anyway, so after smoking loads of me nana's ganja, I said to our Dean "will you give us a lift back to Raven's Cliff to give my nana a spliff?"

And he said; "no fucking way, dickhead, [long pause] I don't think you noticed when you got in the car, but it's up on fucking bricks, we had our wheels nicked couple of weeks ago. [q]

And I thought *shit* [slaps forehead] .

I had to walk all the way back to Raven's Cliff, and it were fucking raining as I was walking past Eccles Hill swimming baths.

And I thought fuck this I'm going to have to roll myself a spliff to take the edge off what my Nana's going to do to me when she realises I've smoked all the ganja.

And so I had to fill up another couple of pipes, but that just *gave* me the fear. I thought shit, I wish I had some fucking diazepane on me, me mates just come back form Thailand, I'll ring her up and see if she's got any 10 milligram ones, them blue ones, but she were out and it was like shit, I've really got the fear now.

And I got back to me nana's and me Nana said "where the fuckin hell have you been." And me Nana was acting really strange that day, she had a black and white war film on the telly and the prodigy on at fuckin 50,000 gigger watts, what's she doing? "Nana you didn't find a big bag of tablets in my bedroom did you?"

She said never mind that dickhead. You're fucking stoned, you've been smoking my weed.

I said how'd you know I'm stoned?

She said well your eyes are bright red and you went straight for the biscuits. You've had 15 rocky robins and you've only just got into the house. For fucks sake, you fat bastard. No wonder you look like Howard out of fucking Halifax advert.

And then she said; "Where's that funking ganja then."

And I said; "Well, what it is right, I missed my bus. . ."

And she said; "There is no fucking bus, between Thorpe Edge and Raven's Cliff. And to be honest there's someone in the front room who wants to have a word with you, and I went in the front room and my Uncle Raymond was sat there with a baseball bat.

And he said I drove round fucking Thorpe Edge earlier and I saw you in a fucking car, that was up on bricks, smoking ganja, with your Dean, and your Rupert and your Johnny, and your Ben, and

your Iffty and your Taz, and your Shwepp, and your Denise, and your Valley, and your Bruhinder, and your Denise, and your Denise and your Denise and your Denise. . .

And I said alright, chill out, chill out.

And me Nana said. . . Me Nana gets disability living allowance so she can afford these digital scales, and they're accurate to a millionth of a gram, she made me put the ganja on the scales to humiliate me further. And it should have weighed about 7 grams, but did it fuck, it weighed 1.333333333 recurring grams, which is less than an eighth.

She wasn't best pleased, so my Uncle Raymond grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and he made me put my hands on the kitchen table flat, and he battered the back of each hand with his baseball bat, and he mashed up me knuckles. He said; "that'll stop you playing the guitar and thieving off your family you little fucker."

And I thought ooaa that really hurt, and I had to walk all the way up to Bradford Royal Infirmary with mashed up knuckles and when I got there I got stuck in a que behind a kid with a pan on his head, I was starting to get MRSA in my mashed up knuckles and when I got to the front of the que it turned out that the kid with the pan on his head, the pan weren't even stuck, it was just a three stripe Addidas pan, it was a fucking fashion pan, the bastard. And the nurse said how did you get your knuckles broken, and I said I walked into a door, she said no you fucking didn't, you've been skanking your nana, I said how did you know that, she said it was on Look North. Christie from Thorpe Edge said it was you who had done it.

Last bit now, the moral of the whole song.

Don't skank your Nana, after all it was your Nana who bought you some action man bubble bath even though you were 27. Thanks Nana.

Analysis

a) Adding tension to the upcoming song, stakes for teasing your family and what that says about him for revealing personal info, but that ultimately, it's an admirable passionate relationship that his family gives as good as they get. Like the song "Never hit your grandma with a shovel".

b) Highlighting the absurdity of how big an impact dead celebrity's leave behind on our imagination, like the contracts we try to uphold with what our dead family members wishes would be.

c) Brings life stakes shooting drama of original song down to basics of family drama then further draws your attention to the joke by over emphasising love for one family member over another, when any dependence on family is seen as uncool.

d) Surprisingly funny random tit bit to admire about someone. Introducing the perspective of a wildly different life experience to the story, that is only possible through the contrast found in the family generation gap.

e) Sharp contrast again bringing down to earth the mentality that was necessary for getting through world war, comparable to the way people can be stupid today.

f) Satirising the dark elements that lead to war and what was necessary to draw upon to spur the allies onto winning.

g) Short sentence repetition and speeds through the conversation to emphasise the rush he was in.

h) Slows down to express relief at passing the first hurdle, but an ominous slowness at the next challenge causing him to fail.

i) Obvious lie, that allows the new character to take control.

j) Repetition of failed strategy to just be honest without pushing back and increased tension.

k) Seemingly random & specific mention of cheap car name for comic absurdity but adds detail to the feeling of being there and sets up joke of fitting into small car.

l) Absurdity of adding unnecessary "our" before each name rather than just saying family. But fond cultural expression that plays up the detail of the relationships in the song.

m) Deadpan format repetition, pretending to be unawares of building the picture of an ever more cramped car.

Turned into deadpan name repetition.

n) Self-deprecating, so putting everyone at ease about themselves.

o) Absurd song parody layers within the primary song parody of Bob Marley.

p) The fake-ness of parasocial relationships to celebrities and how they influence our identity.

q) Hope of pay off for sharing weed helping him go places, to dramatically unforeseen turn around of the situation.